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# THE CONNOISSEUR.

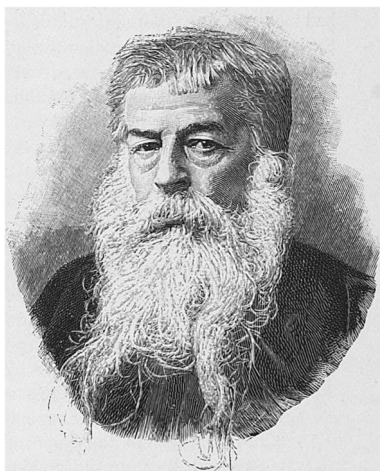
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## A GERMAN'S ESTIMATE OF MEISSONIER.

LUDWIG PIETSCH.



JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER was born at Lyons in 1813. A passionate bent towards painting early manifested itself in the boy, as well as that tenacious and unbending energy in the young soul which in life as in art has enabled him to conquer every obstacle. The parents opposed by every means in their power his wish to dedicate himself to painting, but the son remained immovable in his determination. He preferred to renounce his home and all paternal aid rather than give up his chosen calling. He went to Paris, and there, dependent upon his own powers, earning his means of subsistence by drawings for wood-

engraving, he studied and learned painting in his own way, almost without other teachers than the masterpieces in the public galleries and in nature. He was like our own Menzel; to use the striking simile of Jean Paul, "As the goats climbed in grazing," so he in the hard fight for existence worked up to the brilliant heights of art and fame. For a very short time he had the advantage of the teaching of Léon Cogniet in his much-visited studio. But of even more assistance than this to the young artist was the privilege of copying in the Louvre. He did not select the magnificent color-pieces of Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Rubens, and Murillo as models. His favorite masters were of the early Flemish school,—the brothers Van Eyck and their immediate successors. A copy of

incredible finish by the young Meissonier of Jan Van Eyck's small masterpiece, the enthroned Mary with the infant Jesus in her lap, aroused great astonishment in artistic circles by the accuracy and fidelity with which the celebrated original in all its fine and countless details and miniature-like execution was reproduced. Also, like the early Flemish masters, Meissonier's favorite studies were the works of later Dutch duodecimo-painters,—Maetzu, Terbourg, Mieris,—in whose works he



STUDY.

found scarcely less attention to minute details in execution, but a more harmonious color-effect, the charm of deep shadow, and a softer treatment than

in the older, sterner masters. The utmost conscientiousness in representing everything, even the smallest trifle—an artistic virtue which was inherent in his own nature, and became developed and confirmed in his study of Van Eyck and the duodecimo-painters of the Netherlands—he preserved in the illustrative drawings through which he at the same time became known, as well as in his copies. His drawings for Bernardin de St. Pierre's "Indian Houses" directed even more attention to the artist than those illustrating Bosquet, the Bible, and Mad Roland. He had made the most thorough studies for the landscapes of these scenes in the Jardin des Plantes; he knew how to make use of the smallest leaf, in creating the truest and most satisfying pictures of that tropical nature in which the incidents of the story were portrayed.

Meissonier had now ripened into a draughtsman and painter of uncommon ability and acknowledged individuality. In his twenty-third year, in the Salon of 1836, he appeared for the first time with an oil-painting, "Little Messengers," before the Paris public. Even more attention was excited in 1838 by the "Monk Consoling a Boy," the single figure "The Reader" in 1840, and "The Chess-Players" in the Salon of 1841. These small pictures made him one of the most celebrated and most admired, the most popular, and very soon the most highly honored of French painters. During the next twenty years Meissonier multiplied enormously a succession of those pictures of small, often diminutive, size, which represented for the most part single figures of men or groups consisting of a few persons, those in

quiet situations or occupations greatly preponderating. In complete artistic finish, in stupendous mastery of execution, in penetrating judgment of character, in truthful representation of repose and motion, as well as in the expression of spiritual moods and the inner workings of the soul, they were almost without exception of even merit.

One need not seek great luxuriance of imagination in this master; neither are his pictures the creation of a great colorist, even though their color-effect and the use of light and shade are often excellent.

But the men whom he represents are as he intended to paint them, and one particular moment of their lives appears to stand out life-like upon the canvas. In one of these small masterpieces we see a middle-aged man in the costume of the middle of the last century, seated upon his flowered damask fauteuil, and with a serenely contented air entirely absorbed in reading a book. Another picture shows one of his contemporaries smoking a clay pipe, looking out of an open window upon the beautiful landscape below brightened by the light of a summer morning. In the picture "Confidential Communications" are two younger men of the same epoch represented sitting opposite each other at dessert, of whom one reads eagerly to his friend from a letter which agitates and absorbs him, while the other, his head resting upon his hand, listens with much less interest. Also "The Chess-Players,"—in which a friend looks on while one of the players concentrates his thought and attention upon the game and his contemplated move;—these, as well as

the inimitable finely-finished figures in the picture "The Game of Nine-Pins," and the riders in the "Stirrup-Cup," being dressed in the costume of



STUDY—NAPOLEON.

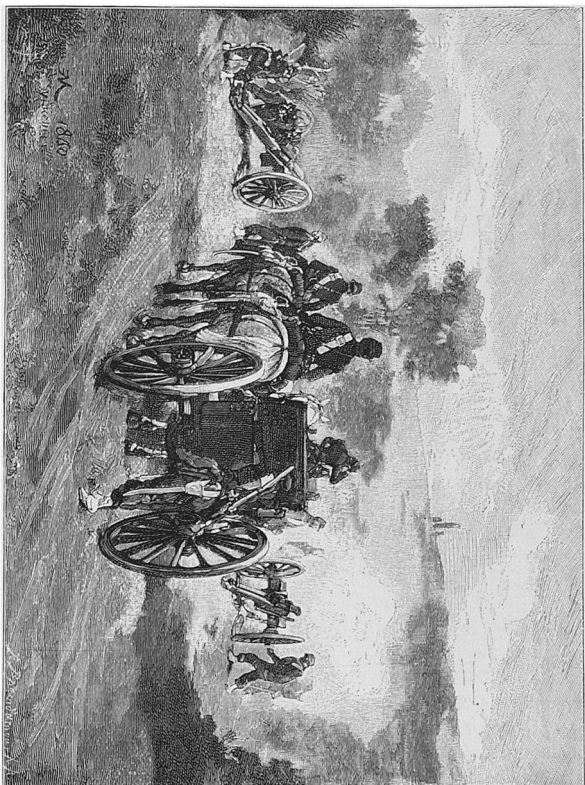
the time of Louis XV., and seeming to belong entirely to that time. Their appearance, their carriage, their walk, and their motions, their thoughts and failings as displayed in their faces, belong to that century and to no other. Alternating with these scenes and figures of the rococo period, we see as well and as characteristically rendered many men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: the swaggering cavaliers, the artists and amateurs, the soldiers, halberdiers, and standard-bearers of that time stand life-like before us. Here he delineates a Mæcenas of the

epoch of the "Grande Monarque" visiting a painter and sitting before an easel supporting a painting, which he regards with an expression of superior knowledge and an appearance of critical infallibility. There sit and stand soldiers of the time of the French religious wars, in the guard-house, around a drum upon whose top they throw dice. A celebrated picture presents a single figure of a knight in Spanish dress playing upon the mandolin; another, one who examines the elasticity of the blade of a rapier; another, a nobleman of 1650 in a rich morning dress, who is just opening the shutters of his window, and, refreshed by the fanning breeze, looks out into the bright morning. The object, the motive chosen for the most of these pictures is in itself of no consequence. But how wonderfully full of life, what completeness and finish in every individual represented, what freedom in every posture, and what a speaking language of face and hands! By an energy, sharpness, and delicacy like that attained by Menzel in the drawing, and an artistic treatment which in the most minute scale still bears the stamp of breadth and greatness, and never falls into a laborious or painful execution, these pictures succeed in laying hold upon, chaining, and enchanting their beholders as the richest compositions full of dramatic passion and gorgeous color-effect can scarcely do.

In nearly all of these paintings we see men represented in quiet situations, in solitary contemplation, or busied in play or in entertaining conversation with companions. It was thought in the first period of Meissonier's glory that these scenes marked the limit of

his ability, that the master, however accurate might be his knowledge of the figures of men and horses, was incapable of representing them violently agitated or of delineating scenes of passion. This doubt fired his ambition. In 1845 he undertook, principally to refute it, the work in which he gave the most splendid proof of its entire groundlessness, "*La Rixe*,"—"The Quarrel." Two French or Spanish officers of the time of Henry IV. have quarrelled over their play at an inn, and animated by their fury have rushed at each other with dagger and sword, each seeking with all his might the death of his opponent. But their companions will not allow the bloody strife between their comrades. Two of them seize the arm of one of the madmen, and seek to disarm him; while he, in ungovernable rage, his head stretched forward, attempts to free himself and reach the body of his opponent. Another companion, opposite to him and at the side of his enemy, hastens from the door, appearing to hear the step of the approaching watchman, and implores the combatants to keep quiet and stop fighting. Everything is physical and mental agitation. The mad whirl and storm of passion, of anger, and of deadly hate animates the two, concern and vehement anxiety the others. In every fibre wild excitement trembles. Never has the expression of those passions in the strong and easily-inflamed souls of men been more truly or more perfectly rendered by painter or artist than in this picture.

The picture reproduced in our engraving, a work of later times, represents not like this the altercation itself, but the result of such a one,—a



BATTERY IN ACTION.

quarrel over cards, with the same energy and convincing reality. Two cavaliers of the time of the Thirty Years' War are the victims of their passion. Overturned chairs and tables, the cards, the corpse of one of the players, and the doubled-up, badly-wounded opponent on the floor of the stately room tell plainly the cause which led to this. The body of the dead man stretched out in the foreground is splendidly rendered. One seems almost to hear the crash of the heavy fall, the striking of the long-haired head upon the back of the overturned chair, and the clatter of his sword falling from his right hand with an echo upon the floor.

Meissonier appeared, as an artist, to turn his back upon the realities surrounding him and the life of the present. His fancy busied itself entirely with the men of that period which he preferred above all others: with their circumstances, manner of life, and appearance he had made himself perfectly familiar. He himself cut out, from materials carefully copied from the old originals, the costumes for his figures of the sixteenth century. His well-chosen models were obliged to first wear the clothes selected for them some time, until they became set to them, so that they might look like their own garments and not hang like mask costumes upon body and limbs. In his castle-like house, which he built according to his own taste at Poissy, one hour from St. Germain, he furnished several rooms in the style of different epochs, in order that he might have at hand and before his eyes the proper locality for his model, to which he could turn as a background, and

surroundings for the character-figures, groups, and scenes which he was painting. In 1848, however, he painted a picture for which the great and fruitful events of the day gave motive and inspiration. Among all that he has created, this great masterpiece to-day exercises the most powerful influence, and, viewed purely in an artistic light, forms one of the highest pinnacles of his entire work. This is the celebrated "Barricades," the tolerably true and unchanged reproduction of an impression made upon Meissonier on a morning in June, 1848, after one of the last days of the great Paris street battles, in a narrow street of the inner town. In no picture has he shown himself greater as a colorist than in this; the dismal tone of the whole scenery in the dull, cool light of the gray morning contributing substantially to its effect. There is nothing represented in this remarkable picture except a deserted and destroyed barricade, conquered the day before, the houses upon the narrow street with their fronts shot to pieces, the body of one of the killed upon the pavement, a pool of blood, a red cap, several rags and fragments of cloth lying about, traces of the conflict which raged the day before about this wall of paving-stones. But the not too descriptive representation and the tone of this piece of reality seen by the painter give to the picture the full force and gloomy greatness of a shuddering tragedy.

During the first splendid years of the new French Empire under Napoleon III., Meissonier's glory reached its greatest height in France, as also in foreign countries. Painters of the most diverse artistic tendencies unenviously

accord the master the same admiration and honor. And yet at the end of 1850 the power and richness of his talent had scarcely half unfolded itself.

perial head-quarters, in order to be a witness to the great deeds which were expected of the French army and its officers, so that in the future he might



VEDETTE.

That it subsequently fully opened he can thank the historical events of that period, upon whose high waves he saw himself carried suddenly away from his still-life with its back turned to the present. Napoleon III. had declared war against Austria, and was determined to make Italy "free to the Adriatic." Meissonier received an invitation to attach himself to the im-

perial head-quarters, in order to be a witness to the great deeds which were expected of the French army and its officers, so that in the future he might paint the picture of these exploits with his accustomed truth. Dressed in a sort of fancy uniform, Meissonier accompanied the Emperor upon the victorious campaign. But only a single picture is the direct fruit of his war studies and observations. It was finished in 1863, "Napoleon III. and his Staff at the Battle of Solferino," since one of the pearls of the Luxembourg



Gallery, which preserves works of the best French artists until ten years after their death have elapsed.

This "Solferino" is widely different from every other picture painted by Meissonier of battles or the bearing of commanders in action. A great gulf divides it from them. For the first time, here is a great warlike, decisive action precisely as it appeared from the stand-point and observation of the greatest leaders, conscientiously and naturally rendered. The chosen moment of the battle is the decisive one in the storming by the Zouaves of a mountain defended by the Austrians, which, with the tower at the top, commands the field. But the action itself is thrown far into the background. The main object of the picture is the Emperor, who, surrounded by the glittering retinue of staff officers on horseback, sits quietly upon his brown horse and watches the attack upon the mountain, while a battery, driving near, shells the Austrian position. Only a few white-coated Austrians upon the grass in the foreground remind one of the gravity of the battle. The ascending tirailleurs and storming column appear like a row of red points amid the light green of the vegetation upon the slope. The artillerymen belonging to the battery farther front fire their pieces as if they were upon the practice-ground. None of the officers looking upon the scene betray a deeper or more powerful excitement. Only the interest of a military commander observing a scene before him seems to animate them. Just this appearance of quiet indifference in face and carriage corresponds with the reality, as every one has observed who has had the op-

portunity of seeing one of the great modern battles from the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief. For this picture Meissonier has chosen the smallest form. But each and every thing upon this canvas is full of life and truth. In spite of the small dimensions, it conveys an idea of breadth; every dead and living object is worked out with reality, and the execution is unexcelled. Not only every face and hand of a man, every head, every limb, but also every reflection upon the body of a horse, even the gold lace upon cap and uniform, every button, every sword-hilt, every bridle and bridle-buckle,—all these things appear real and changed almost to their natural size. Without exaggeration, one may say that the horse has never before been so studied by an artist, so well understood, and his appearance, his motions, his inmost spirit, were never before represented in such perfection as in Meissonier's picture.

I do not know whether it was at the wish of the Emperor whom he had painted as a conqueror, or whether the idea was his own, that the master turned from portraying the nephew in the field of war to painting the great uncle. He who had been so long admired as the painter of "petits bonhommes," and at the same time derided by many critics, became the painter of the warlike epoch of France, at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century,—the painter of Napoleon, his generals, and his soldiers.

But Meissonier is not the man to strike into the road trodden by others and illustrate in his historical pictures the Napoleonic legend in the accus-

tomed way. His first picture, and the one which remains unequalled of its kind, does not show the Emperor in his unbroken power and in the untroubled splendor of his glory, but the ruler and commander yielding and succumbing to his fate, cast down from the summit, driven towards the abyss. The picture called "1814" is a great creation which takes possession of us. It shows the Emperor shortly before the catastrophe of March, upon the retreat through France before the Allies. The gray horse which bears the man of destiny strides wearily along the road soaked with the half-melted snow and furrowed deep with wheel-tracks. The Emperor, his gray overcoat buttoned over his uniform, his hat pulled over his face, sits shivering and somewhat huddled together in his saddle, and looks out from the dark eyes of his iron countenance far into the distance. His marshals and the officers of his staff, who ride next and behind him, bear even more plainly the traces of the hopelessness which presses upon each of them. The certain presentiment of the approaching end of the whole Napoleonic glory is stamped in the face and figure of each. One can see in the gait of the horses that they are as wearied and tired as their masters, and that the old fire is extinguished in them as in the others. Farther back in the picture, at the side of the group of riders, infantry columns march. Their order is not broken up, only noticeably disturbed; everything in their bearing and march betrays the beaten army, the irrevocably broken strength. The gray, veiled heavens threatening snow, the dismal, wintry, flat country, the whole tone of weather

and atmosphere in full harmony with that of the men, heighten the effect of this shuddering scene from the great historical tragedy of Napoleon's glory and end. With this picture of the end, a work of unusual size for him, Meissonier contributed another, which showed the Emperor upon the sunny height of power and success,—the "1807," or "The Cuirassiers of Friedland," a large painting. It occupied the master during many years. He threw himself into the work, which appeared to oppose unconquerable obstacles to his peculiar talents. In 1867 the picture stood already far advanced upon his easel at Poissy; 1873 found it still unfinished for the World's Exhibition at Vienna. Around the principal group in the foreground were white chalk-marks, indicating that changes were to be made in many riders and horses. This principal group in the first plan shows the head of a regiment of cuirassiers, which rushed forward at full gallop to the attack upon the enemy from the right side to the left, crying "Vive l'Empereur!" while Napoleon is represented upon a small height in the middle ground. The scene is at the battle of Friedland, 14th of June, 1807. The artillery has already been driven over the green cornfield which the hoofs of the foaming horses have trampled upon, and the battle is in full progress,—the victory of the French as good as won. The Emperor, surrounded by a glittering company of officers and adjutants, sitting quietly in his saddle, slightly raises his hat, which he has taken off to greet his cuirassiers. Through the clouds of dust one can see at the side of this middle group approaching ar-

tillery, galloping squadrons, and infantry columns. The figure of the Emperor is the only weak part of the picture. Much better drawn and painted are many of the officers of his staff and the men in the columns; above all, the charging cuirassiers, their greeting and their horses. Until this time, Meissonier had never attempted to paint men and horses of this size (the picture is three metres long); and hardly ever before, if I except Schmitson's "*Herd of Horses*," have horses in full gallop been represented with such accuracy in the movement of every part of their bodies, scarcely ever before has each horse been so individualized as here. How, maddened simultaneously by the stormy ardor of their own temper, by the clash of arms, by the thunder of cannon, by the blasts of the trumpets and the cries of their riders, who rise in their stirrups and swing their sabres, they rush ahead with no necessity for the goad of the spurs! Nowhere has their painter contented himself with the repetition of those conventional postures in which the majority of horse- and battle-painters before Meissonier and our Schmitson have seen the rapid gaits of horses, and by which they have been accustomed to produce the effect of trot and gallop. But with what passionate zeal, what earnestness and tenacious perseverance the French master has studied the horse in motion as in rest! I had the opportunity, during the Paris Exhibition of 1867, of learning personally his method of study and work, and count the hours which I then spent with Meissonier as among the most interesting of that rich year. Two or three years before, he had visited Berlin. As could

easily have been foreseen, he was surprised, attracted, and charmed by the works of Adolf Menzel as by those of no other artist. Menzel had for him the same veneration and admiration. A personal relation between the two masters was then formed in Berlin which possessed an almost affectionate warmth. When Menzel, in the summer of 1867, went to the Paris Exhibition, he returned, at Poissy, Meissonier's visit to Berlin. I accompanied our great compatriot there, and thank him and that never-to-be-forgotten journey for the acquaintance of Meissonier.

The castle, in brick and hewn stone in the style of Louis XIII., lies apart from the town and is surrounded by a large garden. Apart from it, in the garden, stand the large studio buildings, that are only one story high. Here we found Meissonier before the then unfinished, but already far-advanced, large picture "*1807*," and surrounded by numerous smaller oil-paintings and aqua-relles. The nails were hung with arms and uniforms of the French army in the time of the First Empire. Upon stands along the walls of the room were an enormous number of studies from nature, of the sort which are reproduced in some of our woodcuts, painted upon small panels in oil. Among these studies I was especially struck by one of Napoleon in the gray overcoat for the picture "*Campaign in France, 1814*," with its wonderful power and life-like truthfulness. Meissonier told us the history of this remarkable study. He himself sat for it. He could get no model to suit him. He dressed himself in a carefully-copied uniform, with the overcoat, the high



VICTIMS OF CARD-PLAY.

boots, and the hat of the Emperor, and in the garden, upon a frosty, threatening February day, seated in the position at which he aimed, upon the saddled representation of a horse, a tall looking-glass opposite to him, his painting-board before him upon the pommel of the saddle, and as immovable as possible, he painted his picture, changed into Napoleon. When, after two hours, he had finished the study, he had become so benumbed by the damp cold that he had to be lifted down, and for some time could not move a limb.

The gray horse of Napoleon in this celebrated picture was painted from the noblest Arabian animal in the master's stable. He still owned it at that time. Napoleon III. had in vain offered him a very large sum for the horse. In a luxuriously-equipped stable in another part of the garden the gray stood among his master's other costly thoroughbreds. The painter appeared prouder of his skill as a horseman than of his paintings. He sat painting in his work-room in a short velvet jacket and high riding-boots. He took us to the stable, showed us its treasures, had the gray brought into the garden, swung into the saddle, and exhibited all his paces in a masterly manner, evidently much gratified by the applause which we had to accord to the "master in the art of riding."

In order to study thoroughly the movements of the men and horses in the storming squadron in the picture "1807," he pursued, as he told us, an entirely original method. First of all, in the autumn of the preceding year he had a large piece of ground near the city sowed with rye. In May, when it stood in green stalks, by permission

of the commandant he had a battery of artillery driven over it. Of the trampled stalks crushed by the wheels Meissonier made large and sufficient studies. He then procured permission from the military authorities to have a battery in garrison at Poissy ride over it, and directed the troopers to shout "Vive l'Empereur," swinging their swords and trumpets. So, by repeated observations of these cuirassiers and horses he impressed upon his mind the whole scene, at the same time making the most complete studies of single horses and men, and of every part of their figures, in the uniforms of the French cuirassier regiments in the time of Napoleon.

Still a few other smaller pictures, which are the fruits of the study of the last of the French armies of the Republic and the first of the Empire, are found among the masterpieces exhibited by Meissonier in 1867: "The Ordnance" and "General Desaix at the Head of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle." The last appears to me as one of the finest color-pieces. As before, in 1855, Meissonier received in this exhibition the large medal of honor.

During the Franco-Prussian war he left Poissy and sought to gratify his ambition as a citizen-soldier to the fullest extent in beleaguered Paris. After peace was established he had become a hater of Germany, who showed his passionate detestation upon every occasion. Personally, he had no sad experiences. His possessions were piously spared and left uninjured by the German troops, which were quartered in his castle at Poissy. He could complain of only one loss. In 1874, his son-in-law, Colonel Mequilly, of the

staff, related the sad loss in a letter. After the departure of the German troops who had been quartered in Paris (a Schleswig-Holstein regiment), there was missing from Meissonier's castle a short tobacco-pipe with a so-called "Ulmer head." The master was in pressing need of this pipe, in order to complete a picture begun before the war, in which it appeared in the hand or mouth of a man. He sent me a geometrical drawing of the pipe, with measures in centimetres, and asked my assistance in inducing the purloiner of the Ulmer head to return it by offering a reward in one of the papers. These efforts were unsuccessful, and this picture of Meissonier's has therefore probably remained unfinished, unless the Colonel has not exaggerated.

Meissonier, without giving up Poissy, moved, in 1870, to Paris, where he erected upon the Boulevard Malesherbes a house and studio according to his tastes and needs, with wasteful, artistic luxury. During several months of each year he moves to his studio at Antibes, in the French Riviera, where he finds many beautiful new motives, which he has worked into several charming pictures.

With advancing years Meissonier's power and mastery, like his fame in all the countries of the earth, appear to grow greater and greater. In the Exhibition of 1878 he won as great a triumph as eleven years before, in 1867. Here he appears in a collection of sixteen chosen works, each of the kind in which his genius was pre-eminent. There was the wonderful picture "*Cuirassiers, 1805*,"—two files of these troopers shown in a long row,

each behind the other as if on parade, with an oblique front, along which the colonel commanding, with his suite, rides slowly. All these riders, fettered by rigid command, sit next to and behind one another in the saddle in strict military order. Their horses stand, as quiet as they, in two lines, and yet every animal and every man has a distinct individuality, different from the others in his scarcely perceptible features, in the shape of the head, in his bearing in the line. In this inimitable mass of figures and horses' limbs every member is placed just in its proper position, and drawn with absolute correctness and truth to life. Although it required enormous care and pains to complete such an undertaking, the finished picture shows no trace of this; everything stands before us as though it could not be otherwise, as though it had been produced without effort, as in nature itself. Near this masterpiece of the exhibition is the portrait of the younger Alexandre Dumas, great in spite of its small size; the splendid picture from the epoch of the Consulate, "*Moreau and his Chief of Staff Desolles before Hohenlinden*;" a picture luminous with a truly Venetian glow of color, "*A Venetian Painter*;" the "*Partie de Boules*;" "*Antibes*," the little old coast fortress on the Gulf of Juan; "*The Two Friends*;" the "*Philosopher*;" the humorous genre picture "*The Portrait of a Sergeant*;" "*The Painter*;" "*The Vedette*;" the "*Road from La Salice*;" the "*Dictator of his Memoirs*;" "*The Portrait of a Lady*;" the genre picture "*Upon the Stairs*." The effect of this imposing collection of works, showing Meissonier's peculiar talents and the ripe de-

velopment of his artistic power, was remarkable upon foreigners and Frenchmen, upon laymen and artists of all nations.

Meissonier, in the years which have passed since that exhibition, has been, like Menzel, true to himself; and what he has done since then proves that he has lost none of those virtues which gave inestimable value to his earlier works.

His last picture, which I saw two years ago in the French section of the Antwerp Exhibition (it represented a side-altar in San Marco, lighted by the uncertain glow of an altar-candle, and the kneeling figure of a young woman dressed in black praying before it), appeared to me as fine and perfect a work—especially in the color, with such beauty and perfection in the management of lights and shadows—as he has ever painted.

The power of rendering womanly charm and grace and the expression of the soft, ardent emotions and tender passions is almost entirely denied to this master. Very rarely does he introduce feminine figures into his pictures; and these women and maidens lack sensual as well as spiritual charm. The virility which manifests itself in his whole manner of contemplating nature, in the aims and methods of his art, stamps itself upon his bearded countenance, upon his sinewy, powerful, broad-chested figure in spite of

its scarcely medium height, capable of all bodily exertions, and in his whole fiery, energetic being. Keen powers of observation, clearness of thought, practical sense, power of will, and obstinate persistence and perseverance in what he believes right, defying every difficulty, passionate ambition, a proud consciousness of his own merits,—these are the characteristic virtues of this artist-nature. Meissonier can be thankful for what he is scarcely less than for his artistic talent. One knows only half the greatness of his art from his oil-paintings. In his water-colors, in his etchings and wood-engravings, and especially in the invaluable drawings designed for reproduction for the illustration of the "*Contes Rémois*," by the Count de Cheigné, he has embodied many of his most original and happiest conceptions, and appears to as great advantage as in his pictures of world-wide celebrity.

Only three Frenchmen can call themselves his pupils,—his son, J. C. Meissonier, Gros, and Detaille, the justly-celebrated painter of the last French war; as can also Fritz Werner, of Berlin, who sought Meissonier's advice and guidance in Paris and at Antibes after he was a highly-considered artist himself. Among the painters of other countries the great master has found a host of imitators. His genius and his spirit he has conferred upon none.